

## :- Crowninshield's Brush. :-

BY DAVID GRAY.

M. R. CROWNINSHIELD left his wife talking with the M. F. H. and walked his horse away from the hounds, for he had been cautioned that it kicked. In doing this he met Mrs. Palfrey, who was riding across the lawn in the other direction. They both stopped.

"I'm glad to see you hunting," she said.

"You're very good," said Crowninshield dryly.

"And Juggernaut," Mrs. Palfrey continued, "how very fine he looks. Precisely the right flesh for hunting condition."

"Is this Juggernaut?" asked Crowninshield. "I didn't notice. Maria ordered it. Look out! He kicks."

"Oh, no! Juggy wouldn't kick, would he?" said Mrs. Palfrey cheerfully to the big gray horse. "When we owned him," she went on to Crowninshield,

and horses were off. The field crashed through the woods, down the steep banks of a little stream, up again, and on toward the board fence. Mrs. Crowninshield was riding Ten Pin, who was an excitable brute, and took hold pretty hard at the beginning of the day. She reached the boards among the first and went over. As she landed she looked back through the thick growth of saplings and saw Juggernaut coming along. She pulled up as much as she could in the hope of seeing him jump, but her horse began going sideways through a thicket, and made it impossible for her to look back. However, she listened and heard no sound of broken boards, which indicated that Mr. Crowninshield was over without accident. Then Ten Pin put his head down and bore away for half a field, and this for the time being put Mr. Crowninshield out of her thoughts. The fox was still in view, and the pace was as fast as the hounds could make it. There was every promise of

not think Juggernaut could hold this pace, even if Harrison wanted to," she added, mentally, to assure herself. They went at a line of new rails, and Ten Pin pecked badly, but she kept him up.

"Careful there!" called the M. F. H., who had caught his horse and had come up, cheerful but out of breath. "Nice run, isn't it? It won't last much longer," he panted. "The fox is making for the woods where we found him. The pace is too hot. We ought to kill there. The earth is stopped."

"Have you seen Harrison?" Mrs. Crowninshield asked.

"No," said the M. F. H. "I haven't. I lost my glasses at the beginning, and you know I can't see much without them. I'm sure he's all right, though."

The M. F. H. felt justified in his confidence by a long acquaintance with Mr. Crowninshield and with his reputation to all forms of violent exertion. "Look out ahead!" he added.

The hounds swung sharply to the

absent-minded enough to jump barbed wire.

"We'll have to go round to the other end where the boards are," called the M. F. H., and he used his spurs. "If the fox gets through the covert and breaks away again perhaps we'll make up our lost ground."

As they galloped along the edge of the covert they could faintly hear the hubbub of the hounds deep in the wood. Suddenly it stopped.

"They must have killed," said the M. F. H. He turned around the corner of the wood lot, straightened out his horse at the board fence, and went over.

The others followed, and galloping through the woods they came upon the pack jumping excitedly about Mr. Crowninshield for the dead fox that he held high above them. He was trying to keep off the hounds and to cut off the brush at the same time, which was a difficult thing to do.

"It was Harrison, after all," murmured Mrs. Crowninshield, and grew extremely white.

When Crowninshield saw the M. F. H. he paused with the knife in one hand and a look of the corpse in the other. "I suppose I ought not to be cutting this creature up," he said. "I know it violates hunting etiquette, but the proper official wasn't on hand." He smiled broadly.

The M. F. H. said nothing. He was getting his breath and taking in the situation. Besides, there was nothing to say.

Just then Carhart rode up and regarded Crowninshield solemnly for several moments. Then he dismounted, went over to him, and held out his hand. "You go too hard for me," he said.

"It was just luck," said Crowninshield, modestly.

But Carhart shook his head and turned away. He was deeply impressed.

While Carhart was paying this tribute to Crowninshield, his wife recovered from her agitation, and began examining Juggernaut's legs. Her inspection proved that the horse had escaped without a scratch. "He always was such a clean performer," she murmured. Suddenly a look of the corpse came into her face.

She went close to the horse and put her hand upon his neck. Then she turned toward Crowninshield and regarded him wonderingly.

"I'm going to give your husband," said the M. F. H., "a short lecture on drawing up alongside Mr. Crowninshield, 'you've won the right to membership in the club,' which Carhart is the proud president. But don't jump any more wire fences, particularly after half an hour's hard galloping. It's magnificent from a dehydrated point of view, but it isn't for hunting. Besides, we don't want any funerals in the club."

"All right," said Crowninshield; "I promise to reform, and a twinkle came into his eye. "I say," he added, "how about this brush?"

"No one ever won a brush more honestly," said the M. F. H. Then he turned away and began calling the hounds.

One by one the field straggled in and heard about Crowninshield's exploit and congratulated him. He bore it with modesty and composure.

"Are you a little proud of him?" asked Mrs. Palfrey of Mrs. Crowninshield.

Mrs. Crowninshield nodded, but suppressed her pride admirably.

"I am going to confess," Mrs. Palfrey continued, "that I suggested to Harrison that he should try going a bit hard. I knew he would enjoy it more if he did, but I really didn't expect him to do this."

"Really?" said Mrs. Crowninshield coldly; and Mrs. Palfrey moved away and joined Carhart.

"Maria doesn't know exactly what to make of it," she whispered.

"No," said Carhart, "very curious that he should never have let himself out before."

"It is," said Mrs. Palfrey. "There go the hounds," she added, and they followed them out to the road.

Most of the field went back to the club, where they lunched together in their riding things, an occasion which

took the form of an ovation to Crowninshield. They toasted him and congratulated him, and he charmed them with the sincere modesty with which he deprecated his exploit. Finally they called upon him for a speech.

"Tell us how, being a mere golfer," said the M. F. H., "you happened to do it."

"I will," said Crowninshield. He rose to his feet and produced the brush from his coat pocket. "The principle which I employed in obtaining this coveted trophy is the one laid down by Napoleon as the first rule of war, 'Be at the right place at the right time.'"

"There were cries of 'Good!' from McMillan, who had been lunching heartily upon liquids and was somewhat over-appreciative.

"But how did you happen to be there?" asked the M. F. H. "How did you get over that wire fence?"

There was a pause, and Crowninshield smiled modestly.

"I didn't get over it," he said. After a pause he added, "I was there. I was there all the time."

"Just fancy!" gasped McMillan, and became hysterical.

"Go on," said the M. F. H. when he could be heard.

"It was very simple," said Crowninshield. Juggernaut balked at that first board fence, and I couldn't get him out of the field. I must have fussed his mouth and his disposition. The gate was locked and the farmer who had the key was following the hunt in a buggy. Pretty soon the hounds came along and I joined in."

"Crowninshield," said the M. F. H., with the first voice that he had heard in command, "you have made this a happy day. You are entitled to your brush."

Crowninshield bowed and beat a retreat to the smoking room. He had not been there very long before a servant told him that Mrs. Crowninshield had

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They Came Upon the Pack Jumping Excitedly About Mr. Crowninshield.

"the only bad trick he had was sulking. He has a light mouth, and if you fuss it he'll sulky. Pity, isn't it, when he's such an unusual performer?"

Just then Juggernaut let fly at an inquisitive hound.

"Oh, naughty!" exclaimed Mrs. Palfrey.

Crowninshield gazes off toward the links.

"It's a beautiful morning for golf," he said slowly.

Young Mr. Carhart, who had just joined them, looked at him in wonder and rode away.

"You mustn't say such things," said Mrs. Palfrey. "The golf people are disagreeable enough without any encouragement. The first thing you know they'll vote to give up the hounds."

"I wish they would," said Crowninshield. "This hunting bores me. I don't like it. I don't like to hurry, and I don't like jumping fences. I'm afraid."

"My wife," he continued, "is kind to dumb animals. She subscribes to an institution for homeless cats. She is a member of an anti-check-rein association. She gets me into the newspapers by stopping teamsters who beat their horses and makes them promise to be gentle. Why, then, he continued, "does she insist upon my hunting when, if I were a tame ape or a raccoon, my feelings would be respected and I could stop at home?"

"Well," observed Mrs. Palfrey, "Maria hasn't confided in you, but she probably wants you to get over being afraid. I think I should feel that way about Willie. You see, one doesn't expect quite so much from an ape. Crowninshield went on, "why don't you go hard a few times and thrust a little? Jump some fences that will make her anxious about you, and then you can retire."

"That might do," said Crowninshield, "but suppose when I'm thrusting I get rolled out and have to spend my season of retirement on a water mattress?"

"Of course, there's that chance," said Mrs. Palfrey cheerfully, "but Maria would make it up to you in devotion. She'll feel in a measure responsible for the accident."

"Perhaps," said Crowninshield. The suggestion was apparently occupying his mind, and he said nothing more.

Presently the M. F. H. started down the road, with the hounds behind him, and Mrs. Crowninshield rode up.

"He's going to the Henton woods," she said. "There's a fox there. They saw it this morning and stopped the earth. Harrison," she observed to Mr. Crowninshield, "keep close to Donahue—he was the one who got it. We get out in the open. There's a good deal of trappy country to the west of the woods, and Donahue knows it better than any one else."

"Thank you very much, Maria," said Crowninshield. "If you are in doubt about the country you may follow Donahue or any one else, as you see fit. As for myself, I intend to ride my own line."

Mrs. Crowninshield looked at her husband with surprise.

"You've hurt his feelings," said Mrs. Palfrey. "And he'll probably do something foolish and break his neck."

"I think I can trust his sober second thought," said Mrs. Crowninshield, but plainly she was a little worried. After a moment she rode up beside her husband. "Are you angry with me?" she asked mockingly. She was a very pretty young woman, and when she looked meek she was especially pretty.

"No," he said.

"Then why don't you look pleasant and smile?" she asked.

"Maria," said Crowninshield, "you are a —" He stopped and looked at her sternly and rode ahead.

Mrs. Crowninshield turned to Mrs. Palfrey. "What ideas have you been putting in his head?" she demanded. "I don't want him to kill himself. I have been trying to get him to like it, and to go along respectfully. But now his temper is stirred up, and he may do something absurd."

She rode after him, but as Mrs. Palfrey could see, he repelled her advances with a dignified silence.

The covert into which the hounds were taken was a big, oblong wood lot, with a board fence across the three sides. They went in through a gate that the farmer unlocked for them.

"This is a bad place to get out of," said the M. F. H. to the two ladies. "The hounds will probably work down toward the board fence, but we've got to go out over it whichever line the fox may take. We can't ride over the wire."

He rode off and began casting through a bottom covered with tall, dead weeds. As the first hound entered the undergrowth a fox scurried out and went away through the woods.

"Gone away!" yelled the whips. In a moment the pack was on the line and gave tongue riotously, and fox, hounds

an exceptionally "good day." Presently the fox began to swing in a wide circle, and treated the hunt to some of the biggest country in that part of the state. A new picket fence not much less than five feet high was followed by a stiff in-and-out across a narrow lane. Then there was a big rail fence with a ditch on the take-off side. The first whip went down at this, and those who got over had a grateful feeling toward the horses that were carrying them. At a stone wall the M. F. H.'s made a mistake, and the M. F. H. was left ignominiously chasing his horse and shouting "Whoa!" A series of stiff post-and-rail obstacles followed, which thinned out the field still more.

Ten Pin was still pulling, and Mrs. Crowninshield had not much opportunity to look around for her husband, though she thought about him several times. There was a man on a big gray horse riding his own line half a field ahead of her and some distance to the right. She was somewhat nearsighted and could not make out who the man might be, but her judgment told her that it was not Crowninshield, although the horse looked like Juggernaut. "I

left, and disappeared in a piece of thick woods. The field followed over a rail fence, and the next minute encountered a thicket of wild grape vines, which took young Carhart off his horse and made the others pull up to disentangle themselves. When they got into the open again the hounds were vanishing over the crest of a little hill.

"Hurry," called the M. F. H. to Mrs. Crowninshield, "or we shall lose them." She swept up the hill with a handful, all that was left of the field, behind them. From the top they saw the tall hounds a field ahead going over the wire fence into the covert, where they found half an hour before, and a man on a gray horse disappearing after them into the woods.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the M. F. H., "somebody's jumped that barbed-wire fence! Who is it?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Crowninshield called back. "I can't make out." The gray horse looked to her like Juggernaut, but she tried to put that idea out of her head. She was worried none the less, Carhart was behind her, and she could not think of anyone else

## RHEUMATISM

### RELIEVING THE PAIN IS NOT CURING THE DISEASE.

No class of sufferers are subjected to such torture as are those afflicted with Rheumatism. When this disease becomes entrenched in the blood it seems to affect every part of the body with its sharp, shooting pains and other disagreeable symptoms. The nerves sting, the muscles throb and jerk, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache and the flesh becomes so swollen and tender that to touch it causes the most intense pain.

When the sufferer is in this condition relief must be had at once, and any treatment that will ease the pain and suffering is used. Plasters, fiery liniments, penetrating oils, etc., are applied and often medicines containing morphine or other destructive opiates are taken internally. But relieving the pain is not curing the disease, and at the first exposure to cool or damp weather or slight attack of indigestion the pains and aches will return.

The aches and pains are only symptoms which you may scatter with plasters, liniments, blisters etc., or quiet with opiates, but the real seat of the disease is in the blood, and until this vital stream is cleansed of the acids and poisons and strengthened and built up, Rheumatism cannot be cured. The sufferer is wasting valuable time applying external treatment, or using soothing drugs, because the longer the poisons remain in the blood the firmer hold the trouble gets on the system, and often the most pernicious drug habits are formed through the use of medicines containing opiates or anodynes, and the victim finds himself a complete slave who must either suffer constant torture or be kept under the influence of a narcotic.

The cause of Rheumatism is a too acid condition of the blood, brought on by indigestion, chronic constipation, weak kidneys, torpid liver and a general sluggish condition of the system. All food taken into the body contains, in some form, the elements necessary to sustain the different parts. One portion is used for making blood, another for bone, another for fat and so on. After these different properties are extracted there still remains a portion that is useless, or waste matter which is intended to be thrown off by nature, but this sluggish, weak condition of the system interferes with its proper action and the waste matter is left to sour and form uric acid and other poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

When the poison of Rheumatism is in the blood all kinds of complications may be looked for. As the disease progresses the joints become coated with a gritty, corrosive substance which seriously interferes with their working and movements, and sometimes they become permanently stiff and useless, the general health is affected, the heart is also often attacked, resulting in palpitation, and sometimes death.

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